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ENGLISH LANDSCAPE, BY G. SIMONS

## AMERICAN ARTISTS IN PARIS

Of the eight thousand pictures, statues, and objets d'art catalogued in the two salons, the number exhibited by artists "born in America" is not imposing. The average excellence of the work, however, makes it no insignificant part of the whole. The Americans hold their own in this as they may be trusted to do in any international exhibition.

While nothing really falls below the standard and some things surpass it, there is nothing strikingly new or original, no strong individuality that will impress itself on the generation of budding painters, no one who is born "chef d'école." Perhaps the Americans are still too much under the influence of European schools, too uncertain of themselves, for us to expect this, but when the Scandinavians have a school, and the English have a school, and the Germans two or three schools, national pride impels one to think that the Americans too should have a school of their own.

In the new salon most of the old names appear, those we have been accustomed to seeing and for whom we look each year. Some have not sent this year, or have sent rather insignificant works, reserving their best for 1900, when so many of their compatriots will visit Paris.

Rolshoven, though he is established in London since the death of his wife, sends every year something that does not diminish his repu-

tation to the city where fame and success first reached him. This year it is "Great Grandmother's Finery," the portrait of a little girl, charming in treatment, though a little banal in sentiment.

Gari Melchers, who for the last four or five years has confined himself almost exclusively to North Holland subjects, with which, by the bye, he has been marvelously successful, has three pictures, "Young Mother," "Portrait of Lord Robert D.," the full-length figure of a young man in riding costume, and "The Harbor," where the vivid scarlet cap against the winter landscape warms one's blood. Melchers is particularly happy in handling these reds, and their vividness is always in perfect harmony with the landscape. Everything in Holland delights a painter because the people are unconsciously harmonious in their dress, just as they are consciously so in Italy.

Walter Gay is painting interiors this year, and in a small and carefully finished style that is rather new for him. They are mostly very light in tone, though the artist has got a great deal of warmth into them. "Longfellow's House in Cambridge" was probably a labor of love, and is so good that it ought to be bought by some one of the poet's admirers. The interior of an ordinary nineteenth century country house in America, comfortable and clean as it usually is, does not present a very alluring subject to a painter.

Henri, whose Velasquez-like portraits in the American exhibitions were so much discussed and so much admired by the artistic few, has four or five well-painted and well-composed studies and portraits. The "Femme au Manteau" is perhaps the best, with its soft and harmonious background, which this time suggests Whistler.

E. Ertz, who is originally a Chicagoan, though he has been so long in Paris that it would not be strange if he were all French in sympathy, has some very good water-colors. Mr. Ertz handles his medium extremely well, with a clear sense of its possibilities and limitations, and that here is a distinction, for the French never will be able to manage water-color. A visit to the Exhibition of Aquarelles just closed was a desolating experience, and every year the same sort of thing is exhibited. The only encouraging feature is that they acknowledge their weakness in this direction; that is, each Aquarellist tells you that all the others paint without any understanding of the medium, and he generally announces that he has been in England, which is of course the "pays d'Aquarelle," where he has learned all about it.

Two other Chicago painters expose in the new salon. Mr. Wendt sends two landscapes, "La Rivière des Roches" and "Melodie d'Automne," both good, but with less riotous color than his California scenes. He also has one or two pictures in the Academy in London. Wendt will probably have an exhibition in Chicago next fall, and I hope he will put some of his poppy fields and red hillsides beside the somber and triste Cornish landscapes, just to show how

well he understands the color gamut and how close is his sympathy with nature.

Another Chicago painter, who has been staying in St. Ives, Cornwall, G. Simons, sends a landscape and a marine, both well painted and pleasing in composition. Both these painters consider and catalogue Chicago as their home, though they are generally somewhere else, and are only occasionally there "de passage."

Mrs. MacMonnies, who threatened at one time to become absorbed in domestic life to the detriment of her painting, has found a way of combining the two. She paints baby now, or rather babies in all sorts of pretty and interesting surroundings. "The Christmas Tree," "In the Nursery," and "Baby's Birthday" are three of her pictures this year, and the names explain them. Besides, there are a couple of portraits. All these are of a size and elaborateness of composition that prove that the painter will not sink into the mother. The MacMonnies still keep their studio in the Rue de Sèvres, and it is one of the gathering places of the art clan. The atmosphere there is invigorating and healthy; there is no small prejudice and no narrow-minded criticism.

A studio which is exclusively for work is that of Tanner, the Philadelphia painter. There are a few well-chosen rugs on the floor, a few plasters on the wall, and some beautiful metal work and old mosaics brought from the East, where he has just spent three months. There are no gew-gaws about, no lounging places, and no odor of beer or cigarettes. It is spotless and in perfect order, quite an exception to the popular idea of what a studio ought to be. While it is in the Montrouge quarter, very near to the Observatory—a quarter dear to painters—it is a little out of the busy student hive nearer the Boulevard Montparnasse, where so many embryo artists live and work, and gossip together.

Tanner's picture of this year, "Nicodemus Coming to Jesus," is less striking than the "Raising of Lazarus," which is in the Luxembourg, but it is a masterly composition. A picture which I saw the other day in his studio, and which he modestly called a sketch, is to me simply and wholly beautiful in conception and treatment. It is the "Flight into Egypt"—a mountain wall in the desolate part of Palestine, the Virgin clasping the babe in her arms, mounted on a mule, which Joseph, bent with care, is leading. There is bound to be more or less conventionality in sacred subjects that have been painted so often; but there is such depth of sentiment in this, such loneliness and desolation in the scene, that it seems a pity it was not sent too.

There has been a lot of nonsense written about the religious fervor of his race inspiring Tanner. It is rather the exquisitely sensitive temperament of the man, who is artistic in every fiber, that enables him to see the great possibilities in Sacred History, and the

weird and melancholy character of the theater upon which it was enacted.

Dodge, who must be commended for the ambitiousness and vigor of his compositions, even though they are sometimes exaggerated to the point of brutality, sends this year to the old salon a really splendid thing, "Conquest of Mexico by Cortez." All the horrors of war are in the narrow staircase choked with dead and wounded. There are a good many dismembered arms and legs and ghastly heads lying about, but as some one said in my hearing, "After a little study you find where they all belong." Horrible as it sounds, and realistic as it undoubtedly is, there is real force and good art in the picture, and it is not repulsive. That is what a good many artists' aim at now. F. Du Mond, for instance, in his "Nero's Theater," can have had no other aim. He succeeds in attracting the "foule," but it is not good art, and does not even arouse the sentiment it is calculated to inspire—horror. There is no excuse for art like this.

St. Gaudens, who is settled in a studio in the Rue de Bagneux, exhibits the equestrian statue of General Sherman, and the model of the same statue with the figure of Victory; also, two medallions in bronze. The medallions are charming, especially the one of William Dean Howells and his daughter. The statue of General Sherman has been photographed and reproduced, so that it is doubtless familiar to the BRUSH AND PENCIL readers. St. Gaudens is about the only sculptor who can always put his heart into what he does, even though it is the execution of a G. A. R. commission.

Miss Minerva J. Chapman, of Chicago, has an excellent still-life, and a portrait.

Miss Mumford, of Philadelphia, has some excellent studies, very strong in treatment.

Marsh has two portraits, both good; they are original in composition, but not fantastic, as he sometimes allows himself to be.

Van der Weyden has three very pleasing studies—"Low Tide," "Revery," and "Evening."

Ridgway Knight has in the old salon a really charming thing—"Girl in a Poppy Field," and it does not bear the stamp "Cheerful Art" this time.

Miss Klumpke has a portrait of Rosa Bonheur, and, by the way, the veteran painter sends a picture, the first in several years.

Beaury Saurel has a portrait of M. Ballot Beaupré, the President of the Cour de Cassation, who is occupied with the Dreyfus matter.

There are many others well worth mentioning, but space is lacking. Another time, perhaps, I will send a letter about the sculptors and architects. They are worth it.

HELEN COLE.